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From the Author

KOSCIOSKO

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY

HENRY HUNTINGFORD, LL.B.

Agora tu Calliope.....

.....

Inspira immortal canto, e voz divina

Neste peito mortal, que tanto te ama!

Camoens, Os Lusiadas, Canto iii. St. 1.

WINCHESTER:

Printed by JAMES ROBBINS, College-Street.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY LUCY FOLEY.

MADAM,

SOME of the following Verses were written amid the romantic and picturesque Retreats of Abermarlais. This Volume, therefore, could scarcely have been dedicated to any one more properly, than to HER, by whom the original Beauties of that Estate have been so materially improved. The propriety of this measure will be still more apparent to Those, who are acquainted with your Ladyship's Taste in every thing connected with Polite Literature.

I have the Honor to remain,

With great Respect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient humble Servant,

HENRY HUNTINGFORD.

867066

TO THE READER.

It is requested that the following Collection of Verses may meet with that Indulgence, which, with respect to Poetry, appears at the present Day to have been carried to its utmost possible Extent.

The Composition of some Part of this Collection served as a Relaxation to the Author's Mind, when wearied with the less interesting, though more useful, Employment, of correcting Press, and performing the comparatively mechanical Duties of a mere Editor.

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KOSCIOSKO.

PART THE FIRST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR his account of *Kosciosko*, the Author consulted *M. de Segur*, as referred to by *Bigland*, in his "*History of Europe*," in two vols. 8vo. London, 1810.

Few Readers probably require to be informed, that, towards the close of the last Century, Poland was attacked, stripped of her Provinces, and at length totally dismembered, by the Courts of *Austria*, *Russia*, and *Prussia*; and that this Usurpation was nobly though unsuccessfully resisted by the gallant *Kosciosko*.

KOSCIOSKO.

Part the First.



..... seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre ;
 Sanza laqual chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra di sè lascia,
Qual fummo in aere, od in acqua la schiuma.

Dante's Inferno, c. xxiv. v. 47.

..... in vain the slumbering soul aspires,
(Her powers betrayed by sloth, extinct her fires,)
In vain she tries the dazzling heights of fame :
As morning fogs disperse to meet no more,
As the waves close behind the lab'ring oar,
The dastard soul expires without a name.

BYRD.

KOSCIOSKO.

Part the First.

LIVES there, whose bosom swells not with delight,
When nations strive against injurious might,
Whom Heaven upholding with resistless arm
Strikes in his turn the Tyrant with alarm?
Ages to ages tell the glorious deeds
Of Him, who for his injured Country bleeds;
His name each Tongue with extacy repeats,
Each Heart, remembering Him, with rapture beats.

Such, Kosciuszko, is thy well-earned fame,
 Thy brilliant deeds such lasting glory claim, 10
 Fit to descend, till time itself expire,
 In loftiest strains, replete with Poets fire ;
 Yet should the task some humbler Bard essay,
 While o'er the lyre his trembling fingers stray,
 Yet scorn him not, though to the heights sublime 15
 Of nobler Bards he vainly hope to climb ;
 Unskilled may be his hand, yet glows his breast
 With love for thee, too strong to be repress.

The brilliant flames of glory now were fled,
 Which played of old around Polonia's head ; 20
 Those laurel wreaths neglected, withered, torn,
 Which long, victorious, her brows had worn ;
 Blasted abroad beneath despotic sway,
 Within, to factious rage a constant prey.

Her state how changed, from when her wide domains 25
 Comprized within their reach those ample plains,

*From where Borysthenes through many a soil
 Rolls on, and ends mid Euxine waves his toil;
 To where the Oder through Germania flows,
 And in the northern Baltic finds repose. 30
 Or when o'er Russian snows the crimson tide
 Shed by a Polish hand their lustre dyed;
 When Moscow's glittering domes, with gold o'erlaid,
 The victor † Son of Sigismund obeyed;
 And on the ‡ Cremlin, to the tempest tost, 35
 Polonia's flag grew stiff with morning frost.
 § Germania's eagles once their pinions proud,
 And towering necks, to Polish valour bowed,
 What time imperial || Cæsar, struck with awe,
 The horse-hair plume, the glittering crescent saw. 40

* Poland, in the eleventh century, extended from the Oder, as far as the Dnieper. *Bigland*, Vol. i. p. 73.

† Udislaus, son of Sigismund, was declared Czar, and Moscow was in the hands of the Poles, A. D. 1613. *Bigland*, Vol. i. p. 115.

‡ The citadel of Moscow.

§ John Sobieski, King of Poland, compelled the Turks to raise the siege of Vienna, A. D. 1683. *Bigland*, Vol. i. p. 115.

|| The Emperor of Germany.

'Those clouds of dust, and that Barbarian cry,
 Gave dreadful presage that the foe was nigh ;
 When hark ! that shout from thousand voices sent !
 Great Sobieski's name the air has rent.

As when the Son of Peleus, roused once more, 45
 Stands on the trench, through which the Trojans pour ;
 His voice congeals their coward hearts with fear,
 They fly, nor stay to feel the Hero's spear ;
 So faint the Turkish bands at that great name,
 Well known amid the murderous lists of fame ; 50
 Who oft the Turban's folds had stained before,
 Whose blade had revelled oft in Moslem gore.
 The Paynim Host, of this well mindful, wheels,
 Cold on their throbbing breasts chill horror steals ;
 Her gates Vienna opes, released from dread, 55
 And calls down blessings on the Victor's head.

To hear such deeds recounted by his sire,
 Oft glows the youthful cheek with martial fire,
 And Nobles, mid their walls and feudal state,
 Indignant weep their country's altered fate ; 60

She, to whom suppliant Monarchs sued for aid,
Now tumbled into dust, and prostrate laid.

Yet lives there one, who feels severer woe,
Whose tears, by pity wrung, more largely flow ;
By pity and disdain, to see his land 65
An abject thrall beneath the tyrant's hand.

Long had such mingled grief and rage possess'd
The noble Kosciusko's care-worn breast ;
That name, which endless ages shall revere !
That name, to every generous bosom dear ! 70
Yet not to Europe's regions first displayed
The Sun-beam danced upon his youthful blade.
He o'er the main had urged his fearless way,
Where wide Atlantic rules with boisterous sway ;
Had reached the Shore, whose unexpected view 75
Warm tears of rapture from Columbus drew.
Whence thus to toil in distant climes consigned ?
What cause so mighty swayed the patriot's mind ?

Ask not the Man, whom sordid thirst for gold
 A heartless slave to hoarded wealth has sold ; 80
 Ask not the Man, in whose ambitious breast
 Stern lust for power all feeling has repress ;
 Nor can He say, whom sensual Vice has cloyed
 With pleasures, dearly bought, yet ne'er enjoyed ;
 But lives there one, of more exalted mind, 85
 Whose thoughts by heavenly Virtue are refined,
 Let him declare, what torments wrack the Soul,
 What struggling tears, in spite of manhood, roll,
 To find the bands, by purest passion tied,
 Rent, rudely rent, by cold unheeding Pride ; 90
 To feel that Hope, sweet Soother of despair,
 Will not to him one smile of comfort spare !
 Such, Kosciusko, was the thrilling dart,
 Which, steeped in bitterest gall, had rived thy heart.
 She, who was formed with thee to stem the tide 95
 Of changeful life, in holiest love allied ;
 She, whose sweet charms might adverse hours beguile,
 Who e'en to prosperous days might add a smile ;
 She from thine arms was torn, ere yet the light
 Of nuptial torch had cheered thy longing sight. 100

* Another comes, with larger wealth endowed,
 Who boasts a line of Ancestry more proud.
 Must then those holy vows, that love divine,
 Fall, helpless victims, at this impious shrine?
 E'en thus it is, but ill befall the man, 105
 Who such disdainful tyranny began;
 Who could despise affection tried and pure,
 And basely grasp at groveling Mammon's lure;
 Nor feel, that, while from Want's oppression freed,
 Hearts, truly linked, no ties more brilliant need. 110

The Youth, to hopeless sorrow thus consigned,†
 Indignant hastens from those realms unkind,
 Those realms, where nought of comfort meets his view,
 But foul disturbers of attachment true.
 He seeks those plains where War uprears his front, 115
 And burns to bear the combat's deadliest brunt;

* Prince Lubomyrsky.

† Che abisso di pene
 Lasciare il suo Bene,
 Lasciarlo per sempre,
 Lasciarlo così! *Metastasio.*

'There, while around destructive engines roar,
 He might unheard his blasted hopes deplore ;
 'There might he stand, while hostile files engage,
 And view, with vacant eye, the battle rage ; 120
 Perchance the glittering pomp of War's array
 Might steal some portion of his grief away ;
 Perchance at least, some arm, with friendly blow,
 Might grant a sudden close to all his woe.

Just then the Founders of an infant State 125
 By martial deeds were struggling to be great.
 They breathe resolved defiance as they go,
 With Washington his Chief, who dreads the Foe ?
 Recoil not, Briton, at the hostile name,
 Nor grudge to Him the well-earned meed of fame ; 130
 To hear his Foe's renown, his worth to hail,
 None but the envious Coward's cheek turns pale.

'The exiled Youth, by this sage Veteran led,
 Learns the sure path of Victory to tread.

Bold in the field, yet wise his hand to stay, 135
 And waste a Foe's resources with delay.

Thine head, illustrious Youth, fresh laurels crown,
 May wondering Nations swell thy just renown ;
 That skill in counsel, and that martial fire,
 Too soon, alas ! thy Country shall require ; 140
 On thee alone shall fix her fainting eye,
 And in thy bosom breathe th' afflicted sigh.
 O'er many a clime are borne a Nation's cries,
 Wafted by many a wave its misery flies.
 Soon o'er Atlantic floats the dreary sound ; 145
 " Polonia prostrate ! groveling on the ground !
 " Her glory trampled on, her rights betrayed,
 " Her ancient laurels withered and decayed."
 Such words, like thunderbolts, the Youth appal,
 No Patriot needs a more persuasive call. 150

Ye Zephyrs breathe a soft and favouring gale,
 Calm the perturbed waves, and swell the sail.

No canvass e'er, for weightier cause unfurled,
 Wafted a pinnacle from the Western World.
 On thee, Polonia's hope, our vows attend, 155
 Towards thee alone our anxious eye we bend !
 May HE, whose power beats down tyrannic sway,
 Mid storms and billows gently guide thy way ;
 Thee to thy gasping land in mercy lead,
 Her strength in weakness, and her help at need. 160

END OF THE FIRST PART.

KOSCIOSKO.

PART THE SECOND.

KOSCIOSKO.

Part the Second.

~~~~~

Finche un Zefiro soave  
Tien del mar l'ira placata,  
Ogni Nave  
E' fortunata,  
E' felice ogni Nocchier.  
E' ben prova di coraggio  
Incontrar l'onde funeste,  
Navigar fra le tempeste,  
E non perdere il sentier.

*Metastasio. Ezio, Att. i. Sc.13.*

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---

---

## KOSCIOSKO.

*Part the Second.*

---

EUROPE, what fatal slumber closed thine eye,  
Whence rose in vain that faint imploring cry ;  
Where was thy mighty arm, so oft renowned,  
From which the weak a sure protection found ;  
When thy base Offspring, with ambition fired, 5  
Against Polonia's hapless land conspired ?  
She cast around in vain her drooping head,  
Those ancient foes of tyranny were fled ;

Or looked, at best, with eyelid half upraised,  
And, coldly curious, on her sorrow gazed. 10

Yet in her own domains a sacred Band  
Burns with impatience to defend their land ;  
To tear his booty from th' insulting foe,  
And with sure stroke to deal the vengeful blow.

Yet who for them shall fan this noble fire, 15  
With counsel sage their heedless breasts inspire ?  
Shall teach their generous fury when to rage,  
And when its force with wisdom to assuage ?  
O brave defenders of an injured State,  
Your valiant arms e'en yet fresh triumphs wait ; 20  
Ye are not left by Heaven, a Chief is near,  
Whose Heart ne'er fluttered with unmanly fear ;  
Who hears unmoved the gathering storms advance,  
And eyes Misfortune's frown with dauntless glance.

O'er Ocean swift he glides with sail unfurled, 25  
 Sent back with glory from the western World;  
 Straight to Cracovia's walls he bends his course,  
 Where thousand Patriots hail their last resource;  
 On Kosciusko their fond hopes are placed,  
 With ensigns of high power the Chief is graced; 30  
 A Nation bows obedient to his hand,  
 His Will the Law, his Voice the sole Command.

But hark!—what sounds of trampling fill the sky?  
 The hastening scouts retreat, the foe is nigh;  
 Those savage Wanderers o'er a frozen clime 35  
 Haste on, obsequious instruments of crime;  
 They hope the youthful leader to surprise,  
 And quench the general ardour ere it rise.  
 Vain thought! when just resentment fires the breast,  
 What eye despises not inglorious rest? 40  
 “Let them advance!” with eager voice resounds;  
 From brandished steel a warlike clash rebounds.  
 “No need of swords!” the indignant peasant cries,  
 Impatient rage far different arms supplies.

That scythe which late was wet with glistening dew, 45  
 Ere night a sanguine torrent shall imbrue.

(Thus when, Helvetia, through each alpine vale  
 Curs'd Gallia's shout swelled fearful on the gale,  
 And crystal lakes, abodes of calm delight,  
 The triple flag reflected with affright; 50  
 Thy valiant sons left each his dear domain,  
 Where laboured harvests clothe the rocky plain,  
 Sworn foes to rapine, veiled in Freedom's dress,  
 And those who murder whom they most caress.)

What strength can long resist a patriot band, 55  
 Who rush to arms for their afflicted land?  
 Freedom prevails, the dastard Russians fly,  
 Nor dare abide their foes indignant eye.

But in Varsovia's walls "the brazen throat  
 Of War" sends forth a far more hideous note! 60



Their hapless \* Monarch, framed for peaceful hours,  
 Not formed to brave the tempest when it lours,  
 Prepares to grant, at Russia's stern decree,  
 His subjects arms, which still were left them free.  
 Insulted patience can endure no more !— 65  
 Bursts sudden through the air the wild uproar !  
 Each house a Hero yields, on every side  
 Combat unlooked for pours the crimson tide ;  
 The Russian vainly deals his murderous fire,  
 With deadlier fury glows the conflict dire ; 70  
 Prone from each roof beam, stone, and ball descends,  
 One general, dismal shriek Heaven's concave rends.  
 Nor, Saragossa, from thy walls renowned  
 Was heard to rise a more tremendous sound,  
 When, fainting with thy wounds, yet undismayed, 75  
 Thou mad'st e'en Gallia's veteran lines afraid.

---

\* Stanislaus Augustus, who, had he possessed more firmness  
 of mind, might perhaps have prevented the dismemberment of  
 Poland.

While rages thus the wild tumultuous fight,  
 A host from far advancing meets the sight.  
 At hand the hastening squadrons soon appear,  
 A name well known salutes the listening ear. 80  
 From mouths unnumbered bursts the rapturous cry,  
 "Great Kosciusko comes, relief is nigh!"  
 The Foe, amazed at this unlooked-for sight,  
 Quick through the adverse gate directs his flight;  
 No longer dares within the walls appear, 85  
 Rout, havoc and dismay hang on his rear.

The patriot Chief arrives, whose thoughtful mind  
 No smiles of Fortune lull, no triumphs blind;  
 He the impetuous tumult wisely quells,  
 And on the Future with deep foresight dwells; 90  
 Sees that the Foe, with shame redoubling rage,  
 Will soon, returning, fiercer combat wage.  
 "Man then your walls," he cries, "your ramparts raise,  
 "Who loiters now, his country's cause betrays."  
 Swift at his word is hushed the wild misrule, 95  
 To peaceful order changed, submission cool;

Each to his post repairs, his home to save,  
 With still defiance armed, and calmly brave.

Nor vain their thoughts; ere long might be descried  
 Embattled squadrons, stretching far and wide ;                    100  
 Its folds to Heaven full many a banner flings,  
 Earth with the wheels of rattling ordnance rings ;  
 High in the midst, on streamers gaily deckt,  
 The royal Bird of Prussia soars erect.

Now, mid black wreaths of smoke, with deafening roar,  
 Their ponderous showers the deep-mouthed engines pour ;  
 The Bomb, now past its destined course in air,  
 With instant burst emits a lurid glare.  
 Nor from the walls with less tartarean sound  
 The instruments of Fate spread death around ;                    110  
 There Courage frowning sits, and deals her blow,  
 Hurling defiance on the plains below.  
 Thus when their course conflicting tempests urge,  
 With fiercer madness raves the boiling surge ;

Loud howls the storm, swoln billows foam on high, 115  
 At the wild contest trembles earth and sky !

At length the Sun's declining rays expire,  
 And stars illumine Heaven with softer fire ;  
 Their strife the adverse Hosts reluctant cease,  
 The engines hushed, repose in short-lived peace. 120  
 But when, at dead of Night, her sable cloud  
 Envelops Nature in one dusky shroud,  
 With cautious silence through each sleeping band  
 The Prussian Monarch sends his swift command ;  
 Bids them their hasty march begin, ere day 125  
 Shed on their movements its unwelcome ray.  
 He sorrowing views, with what determined might  
 The patriot Poles maintain their desperate fight ;  
 Deems it but vain such efforts to oppose,  
 And waste his strength against unyielding foes. 130

When first the morn's soft-blushing gleams appear,  
 From Warsaw cheerful shouts break on the ear ;

With grateful hearts to Kosciusko turned,  
 All to his skill ascribe the triumph earned;  
 His dauntless words with hope their breasts inspired, 135  
 His ardent eye the soul most abject fired.

Need have ye now of courage, valiant Band,  
 New toils approach, fresh conflicts are at hand.  
 The surge, which late flowed gloomy to the shore,  
 Will round you soon in billowy mountains roar. 140  
 Look! what a force draws near with hasty tread,  
 Its front as far as eye can reach outspread;  
 Ambitious Catharine from her vast domain  
 Pours forth her countless myriads o'er the plain;  
 Barbarian Cossacks with wild shouts advance, 145  
 And couch with vigorous arm the extended lance.

Let danger chill with dread the coward soul!—  
 O'er Kosciusko Fear has no controul.  
 He fires with daring thoughts his followers brave,  
 “To victory or death, your land to save!” 150

Not one delays, but, to their country true,  
 E'en against hope rush on the gallant few.

Now joins each Host, and, at the direful sight,  
 Carnage looks down, and screams with fell delight !  
 Fiercely the lion springs, when, wild with pain, 155  
 Through many a bristling spear he leaps amain ;  
 But fiercer far, with more impetuous course,  
 Polonia's dauntless sons their passage force.  
 Awed and amazed the Russian lines give way,  
 And, though in strength surpassing, feel dismay. 160

And now their wavering front with impulse slight  
 Might soon be driven to seek inglorious flight ;  
 The Poles might soon be graced with vast renown,  
 And Victory o'er their heads suspends her crown ;  
 When, to the right, new sounds assail the ear, 165  
 And crowding legions, fresh for fight, appear.

\* Foulest of traitors, who, enticed by gold,  
 Thy hapless land to tyranny hast sold;  
 Suffered the hostile bands, from left to right,  
 In one o'erwhelming torrent to unite! 170

Their arms with toil benumbed, or wrung with pain,  
 How shall the fainting Youths this weight sustain!  
 Yet each approaching death unmoved surveys,  
 And calmly hails his life's declining rays.

But chief in Kosciuszko's sparkling eye 175

Hope yet appears, combined with courage high;  
 'Till all around, by gathering swarms oppress,  
 His friends in Honour's cause have sunk to rest;  
 Then, scorning longer life, his nerves decayed  
 He nobly strains, and bares his glittering blade; 180  
 Slays all around, and, at life's lingering close,  
 Spreads havoc and amazement through his foes.

Ah see! that generous effort is but vain!

Ill can each stiffening nerve his arm sustain;

\* Treachery or gross mistake induced General Poninski to deliver up a post, by which a second Russian Army, under General Fersen, was enabled to join the first, under General Suwarroff.

*See Bigland, as before.*



Ere long, alone amid such thousands left, 185  
 He falls, by countless wounds of sense bereft.

Where now thy hopes, Polonia? all are fled!  
 Grief in dark clouds hangs gloomy o'er thy head!  
 Thy champion soon, restored to hated day,  
 Will march a sorrowing captive far away; 190  
 Doomed in cold vaults to drag the clanking chain,  
 The bitterest dregs of \* female wrath to drain.  
 Yes, Kosciusko, soon, with lawless sway,  
 Princes, like ravening wolves, will rend the prey;  
 Dart on their plunder with rapacious hand, 195  
 Glut their ambition, seize thy wretched land!

Yet, gallant chief, what dungeon's dark recess  
 Will e'er avail thy glory to suppress?

---

\* Catharine tarnished the glories of her reign, by the imprisonment of a man, who, though an enemy, was from his valour intitled to her respect and admiration. It was reserved for the Emperor Paul to gain credit by restoring to liberty so illustrious a character.



With \* Those who, nobly prodigal of life,  
 Waged in their country's cause unequal strife;      200  
 With † Him, whom Mantinea's plain surveyed  
 Smiling at death, alone for Thebes afraid;  
 With that great Band thy brilliant fame will shine,  
 Till Memory o'er the World her power resign;  
 Where'er thy steps through distant regions stray,      205  
 Renown shall gild thy path with deathless ray;  
 Entwine thy brow with wreaths of endless bloom,  
 Laugh at Destruction, and defy the Tomb !

---

\* Leonidas and his followers.

† Epaminondas.

---

THE END.

The first of these is the fact that the  
 government has been unable to  
 secure the necessary funds to  
 carry out its policy of  
 maintaining a high level of  
 expenditure on the  
 maintenance of the  
 public services. This has  
 led to a situation in which  
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 forced to resort to the  
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 to meet its obligations.

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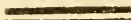
Miscellaneous Poems.

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## ON A FAVOURITE ARBOUR.



O THOU cool sequester'd Bower,  
 Pleasing solace to the mind;  
 Calm retreat in sultry hour,  
 Beneath thy leaves I lie reclined.

Of Tyrian purple though no vest,  
 Nor golden couch, my limbs receive;  
 Yet Solitude here hurls to rest,  
 And pleasing sounds my cares relieve.

Oft, as entranced in thought I lie,  
 Fierce quarrels seize the feather'd tribe;  
 With eager chirpings round they fly,  
 Their little breasts new rage imbibe.

Within the covert of thy shade  
The clamorous sparrow builds her nest ;  
And, fluttering through the sylvan glade,  
With care maternal fills her breast.

This joy, which knows not anxious Wealth,  
Nor in the splendid Mansion lives ;  
Combined with rosy smiling Health,  
Sweet Solitude her votary gives.

## ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.



THE fatal hour is come,—a long farewell,  
Blest Caledonia, to thy much loved shore ;

Still could I linger, and with rapture dwell  
On scenes which I must view, alas ! no more.

\* Findhorn, whose wild majestic banks along  
Luxuriant Nature spreads her wildest sweets ;

How once I loved, remote from busy throng,  
Myself to lose amidst thy deep retreats !

---

\* A romantic river in Murrayshire.

Oft gazing while the torrents, thundering hoarse,  
 Like ravenous tigers rushing to their prey,  
 Through narrow\* passes urged their furious course,  
 And dashed aloft in air the shining spray.

But I no more, as erst, unseen shall hie,  
 While dew-drops glisten by thy foaming tide,  
 In morn's fresh hour to search with curious eye  
 The fruits which grow spontaneous by thy side!

† Divy, whose wave rolls on of brownest hue,  
 Whose scenes, though humbler, yet more sweetly smile;  
 No more by thy dark stream shall I pursue  
 Those paths which oft the wanderer's steps beguile.

\* These narrow passes through rocks, are called in Scotland *lyns*, hence Rosslyn, &c.

† Another River in Murrayshire.



To Those who near thy banks from tumults rest,  
 Who me so oft received with friendship true ;  
 Say thou, whate'er may be my fate, this breast  
 The stain of vile ingratitude ne'er knew !

But chief thou Stream, who, when fell tempests rave,  
 And when from heaven descends the sweeping rain,  
 Pourest along thy far resounding wave,  
 With rage assailing \*Altyre's fair domain ;

Oh to that race, that blissful race, which there  
 Domestic joy in sweet retirement knows,  
 Oft as thou murmurest by, this wailing bear,  
 Which from my grateful breast unbidden flows !

Ask them from much-beloved friends if e'er  
 Imperious fate has torn them far apart ;

---

\* An Estate in Murrayshire.

Then unsincere my grief let them declare,  
And say if feigned sorrow fill my heart.

Ah by thy wave I could with joy remain,  
And spend in calm repose the gladsome hour ;  
Forget the World, which heaps up cares in vain,  
No longer swayed by its tyrannic power !

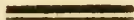
It must not be !—cease then these fruitless plaints,  
These tears, alas ! too unavailing flow ;  
Such happy scenes as pleasing Fancy paints,  
Were ne'er designed for Mortals here below.

Those who with me have walked in Virtue's way,  
And joyed with me to learn her sacred lore ;  
When once is past life's feverish anxious day,  
Shall meet again, AND MEET TO PART NO MORE !

*Written at WINCHESTER COLLEGE,*

ON THE

FIRST MORNING OF THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.



RECLINED aloft on Wykeham's antique towers  
 Fair Science sits, while Morn's dim twilight lours ;  
 At length arrives the hour, expected long—  
 Through opening gates rush forth the impatient throng.  
 By Science not unheard ; with wild dismay  
 She loudly shrieks, and rends her garments gay.  
 Thrice, pierced with woe, she heaves the deep-felt sigh,  
 The encircling walls thrice eccho to her cry !  
 Say then, ye Nymphs, who by old Itchin's wave,  
 That wave which gently rolls, your tresses lave ;  
 Say how the God, when these sad plaints were heard,  
 Above the crystal stream his head upreared.

Declare how Catharina's fir-clad mound  
 Trembled with horror at the mournful sound !  
 Such fear she ne'er had felt, since \* Danish foes  
 In martial squadrons on her summit rose.  
 Mute and amazed each listening Naiad stood,  
 While Science thus her tale of woe pursued :  
 " What silence reigns within these walls profound,  
 Where late the voice of Joy was heard to sound !  
 Are then from me my Sons for ever fled,  
 Must shame eternal veil my wretched head ?  
 For now no more shall Learning's holy fire  
 With virtuous thoughts exalted breasts inspire ;  
 No more the pealing Organ shall prolong  
 Its awful strains, and wake the sacred song.  
 Mourn, Itchin, mourn ! along thy placid tide,  
 Where thousand rills the emerald meads divide,  
 Those shouts of joyous sport shall sound no more,  
 But thou unseen, unheard, thy waves shalt pour.

---

\* This hill is said to have been formerly a Danish fortification.

And thou too, Catharina, whose ascent,  
 With mantling verdure deckt, rich flocks frequent,  
 No more shall Wykeham's Sons in long array  
 Climb to thy summit by the steepy way ;  
 Nor youths mid winding paths with eager pace  
 Thy labyrinth's perplexing mazes trace."  
 Thus Science wailed, deep smitten with despair,  
 And to her woe responsive sighed the air ;  
 When lo from Itchin's bank, with herbage green,  
 A smiling Nymph upreared her head serene !  
 Attentive had she heard that maid forlorn,  
 Whose sorrowing cries on the soft gale were borne ;  
 She knew full well the Care which racked her breast,  
 And thus in accents mild her plaints repress ;  
 " Fair Science, let not Grief's envenomed dart  
 For ever thus transfix thy labouring heart.  
 What though these hallowed walls thy Sons have left,  
 And of thy boasted joy thou art bereft ?  
 Cease this complaint ; ah ! let thy Sons awhile  
 Haste to their much-loved homes with gladsome smile :  
 Nor, though with deep distress thy bosom heave,  
 Of this long hoped-for pleasure them bereave.

When some fond hours of joy have fled away,  
 When sure, though slow, returns th' appointed day;  
 Pleased shalt thou hear hoarse creaking hinges grate,  
 While thy Sons enter through the expanded gate;  
 Their solemn vests thou shalt again behold  
 Float with the breeze in many a sable fold;  
 Melodious Choirs shall then with Songs of Praise  
 The Soul from Earth in heavenly transports raise;  
 Then Itchin, as before, thy banks along,  
 Shall crowd in numerous tribes the sportive throng;  
 In morn's refreshing season shalt thou view  
 Unnumber'd footsteps dash the glistening dew;  
 Then, Catharina, up thy sides again  
 Shall wind in Order long the sable-vested train;  
 And on thy top, with loveliest pastures gay,  
 Shall pass with ancient games the festive day".

## TO A FRIEND IN SCOTLAND,

*In return for some Landscapes.*

---

THOUGH on the canvass as we raptur'd gaze,  
 From Titian's pencil hues more perfect smile ;  
 Though wild Salvator more our wonder raise,  
 And Raphael every gentler sense beguile ;

Yet e'en from these I turn my careless eyes,  
 Nor heed what skill so wond'rous has pourtrayed ;  
 But haste, my friend, while grateful thoughts arise,  
 To view those lovelier scenes by thee displayed.

Thine heart no vulgar thirst for glory fired,  
 Nor base Ambition, leagued with secret Pride ;  
 But thee a kinder, nobler wish inspired,  
 The call of Friendship was thy pencil's guide.

For this, at Evening's twilight hour, whene'er  
 Alone I haunt the deep sequestered glade ;  
 To thee my thoughts shall turn, and wish thee there,  
 To catch the fleeting landscape e'er it fade.

Ah think how oft with thee my steps would stray,  
 To mark the billows rolling o'er the sand ;  
 Or some old Castle's mouldering fort survey,  
 And weep the rage of Time's relentless hand.

Those times are gone, for ever fled away !  
 Divided now by many a league, no more  
 Through heath-clad vales shall we together stray,  
 Or early listen to wild Ocean's roar !



What wonder then, if I with rapture dwell  
On works which prove thy mind on me intent?

For Fancy to my listening mind shall tell,  
That those once much-loved scenes I still frequent.

Oh! as thou wanderest by swift \* Findhorn's tide,  
Or where the sea-beat † Cowsea's arches nod;  
Let but his image through thy memory glide,  
Who once with thee those paths delighted trod!

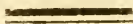
Oft shall this thought my heart with rapture fill,  
That, though thy blest retreat I may not view,  
Yet in that land my soul can wander still,  
And fresh remembrance former joys renew!

\* A river in Murrayshire.

† A curious rock on the shore of the Murray Firth, which, being excavated by the sea, has the appearance of artificial arches. It resembles, and is thought by some to equal, the Bullers of Buchan at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire.

\* On hearing, when at Dumfries,

*That BURNS, who was buried there, had no Monument  
erected to his Memory.*



SWEET Bard ! than whom no Minstrel's art  
More deeply moves th' enraptured heart ;  
Shalt thou in death unhonoured lie,  
No tomb, no beauteous statue nigh ;  
While, stored with wealth, in genius poor,  
So many rest in pomp secure ?

---

\* Since these lines were written, the Author has been informed, that it is in contemplation to erect a monument to the memory of Burns. To the credit, therefore, of Dumfries, the sentiments contained in the above lines are not now applicable.

\* Thou badst all Nature weep thy friend,  
 Shall none to thee rich trophies send ?  
 Yet thee the Cushat in the grove  
 Bewails, forgetful of her love ;  
 The little harebells droop their head,  
 Nor care to bloom, now thou art dead ;  
 The owlet from yon aged tree  
 Through the still midnight wails for thee !  
 Shall man then, heedless of thy Muse,  
 The sculptured urn to thee refuse ?  
 He, † Coila, first to glory raised  
 Thy land, before unnamed, unpraised,  
 The Nine such base neglect upbraid,  
 Such rich deserts so ill repaid ;  
 Enraged they leave thy shores unkind,  
 To dull Bœotian air consigned !

---

\* In explanation of this, and the eight following lines, the Reader is referred to Burns's "Elegy on the death of Matthew Henderson," in which genuine poetry, (if there be any such thing in the World,) is to be found in the most luxuriant abundance.

† The name of a district of Ayrshire, in which Burns was born.

\* *WRITTEN*

IN THE MIDDLE OF A NIGHT,

IN FEBRUARY, 1807.



WRAPT in the dusky gloom of Night,

Triumphant rides upon the blast

The Genius of the Storm ;

Trembles the Wretch with wild affright,

Within whose breast, with guilt aghast,

Conflicting horrors swarm.

---

\* During the whole of this night there blew a tremendous Hurricane, in consequence of which occurred many shipwrecks.

Ill-fated they, from Albion torn,  
 Who, bound to some far distant shore,  
     Are lashed by Ocean's wave;  
 I hear methinks the shriek forlorn  
 Of him who, while mad billows roar,  
     Sinks to his watry grave.

Father of Heaven ! whose outstretched arm,  
 And might, e'en thundering storms obey,  
     These \* antique walls defend !  
 While whirlwinds make with dire alarm  
 On prouder domes their boisterous way,  
     O'er these thy Power extend !

---

\* Within which the Author was living.

## LEFT IN A SUMMER-HOUSE

*On the Banks of a beautiful Stream in South Wales.*

---

Questo è il porto del mondo ; e qui il restoro  
Delle sue noje, e quel piacer si sente,  
Che già sentì ne' secoli dell' oro  
L' antica e senza fren libera gente !

*Tasso, La Gerus. Lib. C. xv. St. 63.*

---

FAIREST of Nymphs, who, as in murmurs low  
Through these blest seats thy bubbling streamlets flow,  
\* Hauntest some grot, upon whose mossy green  
The print of mortal footstep ne'er was seen ;

---

\* In this passage, the Author (according to the idea prevalent among the Ancients) conceives the Goddess of the Stream to be sitting in some distant grotto, and holding in her hands an Urn, from which flow the Waters of the River. "The habitations of the River Deities were supposed to be under water; and generally, I believe, somewhere near the place whence each river took its rise; where, if there was any grotto, they usually had some figure of the presiding deity of the stream in it, with his urn, and the waters gushing out of it, to denote the source of the river."

*Spence's Polymetis, fol. ed. p. 226.*

\* While loftier Bards, with lyre more nobly strung,  
 Thy flowery banks, thy whispering Rills have sung ;  
 Ah scorn not one, who, of far humbler flight,  
 Views but with distant glance the Aonian height ;  
 Content as yet to cull those flow'rets sweet,  
 Which bloom unfading at its hallowed feet !

To † Her, whose hands, with unobtrusive Art,  
 Fresh grace to thy transparent Streams impart,  
 In cadence soft these grateful Lays rehearse,  
 Nor let disdain reject the humble Verse.  
 Oft as She seeks thy Shore with pensive tread,  
 A calm, before unknown, around Her shed !  
 And as She strays at Evening's twilight hour,  
 Let Elves lead up the dance around this Bower ;

\* A Sonnet, written by a Gentleman of superior talent, had been already affixed to another of the rustic Pillars of this Summer-House.

† The Lady, to whose taste this delightful spot is indebted for a great part of its beauty.

Let Harps unnumbered, hid from mortal sight,  
 Charm Her enraptured Soul with soft delight!  
 Then, while around the unearthly Strains combine  
 Her Thoughts to swell with ecstasy divine,  
 Let Fancy whisper to Her wondering Mind,  
 That She has left the World, the busy World, behind!



\* WRITTEN AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,

CARDIGANSHIRE.

---

INVOLVED in clouds of whitening spray,

Which glisten mid the smiling Morn,

Impetuous Mynach roars;

And as He makes his furious way,

Earth's fairest gifts and flowers adorn

His steep tremendous Shores.

---

\* The above Lines are founded on a story, which relates, that close under one of the largest Falls of the Mynach, at the Devil's Bridge, a Robber took up his Habitation in a Cave, which the Waterfall almost concealed from sight, and whither he could carry his plunder unobserved.

What shriek was that, what piteous yell,  
 That faintly stole along the glen,  
     And died upon the gale?  
 'Twere shame the dreadful deeds to tell,  
 Which, far from busy haunt of men,  
     Pollute this guilty vale!

They say that by the Torrent's side,  
 (They say, for who himself could dare  
     Such horrors to survey?)  
 A loathsome Cavern opens wide,  
 Where ruthless sons of murder tear  
     Daily their helpless prey.

The suffering shriek, a moment heard,  
 Soon as the thundering torrents swell,  
     Sinks in their angry din;  
 Fell kites, with eager wing upreared,  
 While screams their savage raptures tell,  
     The bloody feast begin.

## VERSES

*Sent with a Watch to a Lady who had lent it for some  
time to the Author.*



THOU wondrous Work of human art and power,  
Which showest as it flies the passing hour ;  
To Her, who to my use thee long consigned,  
Convey the 'Tribute of a grateful Mind.  
Tell Her how oft, unseen, my raptured eye  
Has marked successive moments hurrying by ;  
Say, to my shame, full many a day has fled  
Without improvement o'er my careless head !  
While Heaven in wisdom here commands Her stay,  
Still show to Her how fast life flits away ;

May She \* rejoice, whene'er She looks at thee,  
 'That nearer draws the DAY when all are free.  
 Though here awhile to sojourn well content,  
 Yet be Her mind on happier scenes intent.  
 Till that great Morning dawn, expected long,  
 ('Transporting thought, raise high the sacred song!')  
 When us no trifling pleasures shall detain,  
 But Peace and Joy triumphant e'er shall reign ;  
 When Time itself shall vanish, swept away  
 By one Eternity of endless Day !

---

\* Qual si lamenta, perchè quì si muoja,  
 Per viver colà su, non vide quive  
 Lo refrigerio dell' eterna ploja.

*Dante, Il Paradiso c. xiv. l. 25.*

## SONNET.



BEHOLD yon Captive, from close dungeon freed,  
Whose weary limbs the fetter long has galled,  
Whose Soul black clouds of Horror have appalled,  
See with what joy he treads the smiling mead!  
Who his o'erflowing ecstasy can tell,  
To view again the Sun's enlivening ray  
Its light no longer through dark grates convey,  
But gaily dance o'er lawn and flowery dell!  
Yet joy thus great shall yield to our delight,  
When the tired Soul, long pent in tedious night,  
Shall feel her earthly bands for e'er untied,  
And, bursting through the azure Vault above,  
Shall soar to Heaven, where Sons of Light abide  
In Bliss unspeakable, and endless Love!

## SONNET,

*ON A BACKWARD SPRING.*

SPRING has returned, yet Zephyr's genial gale  
 Breathes not with softness o'er th' enamelled plain;  
 Black clouds send down the chill tempestuous rain,  
 And wintry storms the tender Buds assail.  
 No feathered choirs, concealed from curious eyes,  
 Sing mid the covert of the leafy glade;  
 But, of the boisterous whirlwind's force afraid,  
 In mournful silence wait serener skies.  
 Thus is it e'er below!—the landscape gay,  
 Which to its smile our eyes enraptured drew,  
 Soon as we, eager, catch a nearer view,  
 Swifter than airy phantom glides away!  
 Happy for Man! for nobler Climes designed,  
 He forces thus from Earth his lingering mind.

## STANZAS.



While listening to th' autumnal Blast,  
Which, o'er the Forest raving hoarse,  
    Its leafy havoc deals;  
His breast with horror shrinks aghast,  
Whose friend far distant steers his course,  
    And Ocean's fury feels!

No sapling bows beneath the gale,  
Which shakes not him with trembling fear,  
    Or wets his sorrowing eye;  
He sees in that the shattered sail,  
In every breeze he seems to hear  
    The faint expiring cry.

But him, who, rapt with Poet's fire,  
With wildest genius loves to stray,  
    No troublous visions scare ;  
Him with high thoughts such storms inspire,  
His Soul with Fancy steals away,  
    And cleaves the buoyant air.

While steering thus his lofty flight,  
Celestial voices whisper sweet  
    Amid the Tempest's roar ;  
Spirits on all sides, pure as light,  
The air with rustling pinions beat,  
    And on the whirlwind soar.



## \* KELSO.



AS † winding round, adown the steepy way,  
 Kelso, thy towers burst sudden on our sight ;  
 The grateful scene with rapture we survey,  
 So formed to raise and cherish sweet delight.

Then pleasing most, if, at the close of day,  
 The Sun its softly blending radiance shed ;  
 While lengthening shadows o'er yon Abbey play,  
 And golden beams its moss-clad height o'erspread.

---

\* It will be sufficient merely to state, for the information of those, who have never seen the town of Kelso, that it contains the ruins of an Abbey, erected by David the First; that the Teviot here falls into the Tweed; and that on the Banks of the latter River is Fleurs, a Seat belonging to the Dukes of Roxburgh.

† *Winding, round, adown*, express the approach to Kelso, from Jedburgh.

Tweed, while thy wave rolls on with wide expanse,  
 Receiving tribute from fair Teviot's tide;  
 Fancy to ages past directs her glance,  
 And Memory's power commands a compass wide.

Ye antique Walls, whose pillared arches frown  
 With height majestic on all below,  
 Oft have ye heard Death's pale Horse trampling down,  
 To lay successive tribes of Mortals low!

Where now those valorous Knights, and Barons bold,  
 The ornament and flower of Roxburgh's race?  
 Tweed pours his thoughtless stream, and wets the mould,  
 Where Death enwraps them in his chill embrace.

Where now those Strains, which through the vaulted choir  
 From stops of deepest sound were wont to rise?  
 Strains, which might e'en a Heart of stone inspire,  
 And waft the dullest Soul beyond the skies!

All, all are gone ! and, to lament their fate,  
 Deserted Mourners, ye are left alone ;  
 Like \* Her, whose anguish fabling Bards relate,  
 By unavailing grief congealed to Stone.

Yet when arrives that great, that awful DAY,  
 Your towers, which now such stately forms assume,  
 Sudden like baseless fabrics shall decay,  
 Dissolved and crumbled mid the general Doom !

---

\* Niobe.

\* IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

---

BEHOLD that Mead, with flow'rets ever new,  
 Whose brilliant turf disdains the emerald's hue;  
 There wouldst thou seek repose, there gladly lay  
 Thy weary limbs throughout the livelong day.  
 Trust not to Beauty's charms—mid this fair scene  
 Of fancied Bliss, the Serpent lurks unseen!  
 While thou liest slumbering by the crystal flood,  
 He whets his murderous fangs, and thirsts for blood.  
 E'en such is life,—we fools, by Vice betrayed,  
 Rush headlong on the snares around us laid;

---

\* The Author begs it to be understood, that he aimed only at an imitation, and not a literal translation, of the above exquisite Composition; his object was merely to represent the general scope and leading design of the Italian Sonnet; this remark applies also to the "Imitation of Camoens," page, 74.

# PETRARCA, SONETTO LXXVIII.



Questa vita terrena è quasi un prato,

\* Che 'l serpente tra' fiori e l' erba giace ;

† E s' alcuna sua vista agli occhi piace,

E per lassar più l'animo invescato.

Voi dunque, se cercate aver la mente

Anzi l'estremo dì queta giammai,

Seguite i pochi, e non la volgar gente.—

---

\* *Che here stands for ove, where.*

† The Mastery, which our corrupt Affections too often exercise over Reason, is illustrated, in Metastasio, by a Comparison, which, though perhaps conducted with too great minuteness, is nevertheless full of the characteristic elegance, which

While Sin allures us, smiling as we go,  
 And reckless of the Gulf which yawns below !  
 But ye, who aim at that securer joy,  
 Virtue's reward, unmixed with base alloy ;  
 Shun the vain Crowd, who urge their senseless way,  
 Nor know themselves of endless Death the Prey ;  
 Spurn the enamelled Mead, and follow straight,  
 Where Heaven directs us, and where Crowns await !

---

that polished Writer never fails to display, when he introduces  
 a moral Sentiment ;

Siam navi all' onde argenti  
 Lasciate in abbandono ;  
 Impetuosi venti  
 I nostri affetti sono ;  
 Ogni delitto è scoglio,  
 Tutta la vita è mar.  
 Ben qual nocchiero in noi  
 Veglia Ragion ; ma poi  
 Pur dall' ondoso orgoglio  
 Si lascia trasportar.

*L'Olimpiade, Att. ii. Sc. 5.*

## SPENSER.



..... em quanto a cithara sonora  
 Se estimar pelo mundo,  
 Com som douto e jucundo,

.....

Tereis gloria immortal!

*Camoens, Od. vii.*



LEAD me to yon sequester'd vale,  
 Which no tumultuous sounds assail;  
 Where, amid flowers of lovely hues,  
 A stream its winding course pursues;  
 While, on the banks of brilliant green,  
 Rusted Spears and Helms are seen.

Here Spenser sits, and lends his ear,  
 While pleasing Fancy whispers near.  
 Reflecting deep on ages past,  
 On that old tower his eyes are cast,  
 Whose crumbling walls, with ivy crowned,  
 The crystal streamlet murmurs round.  
 Here he surveys, with mental eye,  
 The barbed steed that prances by ;  
 Those Fairy Knights, who o'er the plain  
 With lances couched rush on amain ;  
 Misshapen monsters vainly roar ;  
 And prostrate sink, to rise no more.

Lives there, sweet Bard, whose tasteless soul  
 Can hear unmoved thy numbers roll ?  
 If such there be, with just disdain  
 Leave him to grovel on the plain ;  
 Doomed ne'er to taste that sacred rill,  
 Found only on the Muses Hill.



But let me wander by thy side,  
 Where \* bubbling streamlets gently glide ;  
 Or tempt with thee that woodland glen,  
 Which echoed ne'er the voice of men ;  
 But Fairies oft by pale moonlight  
 Lead up the dance with footstep light ;  
 While strange unearthly notes resound,  
 And magic whispers sigh around.  
 Oh grant me thus with thee to stray,  
 From life's dull cares far far away !

---

\* The Author here alludes particularly to that beautiful description of a fountain,—*Fairy Queen*, B. vi. C. x. St. 7.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood  
 His silver Waves did softly tumble down,  
 Unmarred with ragged Moss, or filthy Mud ;  
 Ne mote wild Beasts, ne mote the ruder clown  
 Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drown :  
 But Nymphs and Fairies by the Banks did sit  
 In the Wood's shade, which did the Waters crown,  
 Keeping all noisom things away from it,  
 And to the water's fall tuning their accents fit.

IMITATION OF CAMOENS.

---

O MUCH loved stream, whose waves, as crystal bright,  
Beneath \* Coimbra's learned turrets glide ;  
Where Hope was wont to lure my youthful sight,  
And promise joys, too oft, alas ! denied ;

Thy peaceful shores I leave, and bend my way  
Far hence, to plains where unknown streamlets roll ;  
Yet, while Remembrance holds her wonted sway,  
Oft shall thy pleasing image charm my soul !

---

\* A celebrated Portuguese University, on the Banks of the Mondego, in which Camoens received his education.

## CAMOENS, SONETO CIX.

---

DOCES agoas e claras do Mondego,  
Doce repouso de minha lembrança,  
Onde a comprida e perfida esperança  
Longo tempo apos si me trouxe cego ;

De vòs me aparto, mas não nego,  
Que inda a memoria longa que me alcança,  
Me não deixa de vòs fazer mudança,  
Mas quanto mais me alongo, mais me achego.

'Though, doomed to feel Misfortune's chastening power,  
My earthly frame unnumbered dangers brave ;  
'Though o'er my helpless head the tempest lour,  
And on all sides the gathering billows rave ;

E'en then my Soul shall quit the troublous scene,  
And seek, on Fancy's wing, Mondego's shore ;  
There wander pleased along his margent green,  
And on the glassy brook in rapture pore !

Bem pudera Fortuna este instrumento  
D'alma levar por terra nova e estranha,  
Offerecida ao mar remoto e vento ;

Mas a alma, que de cà vos acompanha,  
Nas azas do ligeiro pensamento,  
Para vòs, agoas, voa, e em vòs se banha.

## CAMOENS.

O THOU, most worthy heir of deathless fame,  
Whom \* simplest Fancy for her Votary owns ;  
O Thou, thy Country's glory and her shame,  
Thy piteous fate each nobler breast bemoans !

---

\* That pastoral simplicity, which pervades the Writings of Camoens, must deeply penetrate, with a delight, sensibly felt but impossible to be described, every real admirer of poetry.

Methinks I see thee by \* Mondego's shore,  
 Where † crystal streams through loveliest ‡ herbage glide;  
 Tuning thy strains, replete with classic lore,  
 In cadence with the soft meandering tide.

That lyre which charms Coimbra's learned ear,  
 Is doomed alas! to brave severest woe;  
 To sooth thine anguish in some sojourn drear,  
 To lull the fiercest grief that man can know!

---

\* Camoens, delighted with the remembrance of the happy retreats, in which he had passed his Youth, as yet unmolested by those cares, which afterwards pressed so hard upon him, often recurs with pleasure to the Banks of the Mondego, near which, (in the University of Coimbra,) he had received his Education. Thus he celebrates its praises, *Lusiad*, C. iii. St. 97.

Fez primeiro em Coimbra, &c.

In the same Canto, St. 120. he speaks of the  
 Saudosos campos do Mondego—

And in St. 135.

Vede, que fresca fonte rega as flores—

See also Sonnets 109. 134. 200. Cançam ivth. Second Collection of Sonnets, Sonn. 24.

† Doces agoas e claras do Mondego—Sonn. 109.

So, Sonnet 134. *Delgadas agoas claras do Mondego—*

‡ ....do Mondego a feril erva. *Lusiad*, C. iii. St. 97.

Disastrous Exile! that ungrateful Land,  
 Whose \*Heroes owe to thee their lasting praise,  
 Leaves thee † to wander o'er the distant strand,  
 And ‡ spurns with tasteless pride thy dulcet lays!

---

\* Camoens complains of this, *Lusiad*, C. vii. St. 81.

Senão que aquelles, que eu cantando andava,  
 Tal premio de meus versos me tornassem!

† The distress which Camoens felt, at being obliged to live in exile from his country, gave rise to some of his most beautiful Poetry. In the seventh Canto of the *Lusiad*, St. 80, he thus laments—

Agora com pobreza aborrecida  
 Por hospícios alheos degradado,—&c.

‡ Camoens bewails this hard treatment, with a simplicity unspeakably affecting, in the tenth Canto of the *Lusiad*, St. 145.

Não mais, Musa, não mais, que a Lyra tenho  
 Destemperada, e a voz enrouquecida,  
 E não do canto, mas de ver que venho  
 Cantar a gente surda e endurecida.  
 O favor, com que mais se acende o engenho,  
 Não no dà a patria não, que está metida  
 No gosto da cubiça, e na rudeza  
 De huma austêra, apagada, e vil tristeza!



Thus thou, deserted, to the Tomb wilt sink,  
 Dragged by unpitied sorrows to the grave; \*  
 No friend to pluck thee from th' impending brink.  
 No generous arm thy faltering life to save!

Yet see! what airy forms thy corpse surround!  
 The mournful † Nymphs of Tagus thee deplore;  
 What lyre shall sweetly now for them resound?  
 Those hands are cold as death, to move no more!

---

\* The Portuguese Scholar has often read with compassion the inscription on the tomb of Camoens—*Aqui jaz Luis de Camoens, Principe dos Poetas de seo tempo; viveo pobre e miseravelmente, e assi morreo*—*Here lies Louis de Camoens, Prince of the Poets of his age; he lived in poverty and wretchedness, and he died in the same condition.*

† Camoens often addresses these Nymphs by the Name of *Tagides*.—See *Lus. C. i. St. 4.* Sonnet 41, second collection, and many other passages.

Yet, \*Lusitania, shall a glittering ray  
Of endless glory round thy Bard be shed ;  
While thou, to listless indolence a prey,  
Shalt mourn thy fame and former triumphs fled.

---

\* Portugal, so called from Luso, the companion or son of Bacchus, from whom the Portuguese were said to be descended.

DANTE's  
*INFERNO AND PARADISO.*

---

HENCE! ye fresh, enamelled meads,  
 And thou resplendent Orb of Day;  
 To scenes more dreadful DANTE leads,  
 Where winds the dark terrific way.

What Shapes infernal round me wait!  
 What screams of torture fill the air!  
 What \* lines o'er the Tartarean grate  
 Trace the sad accents of despair!

---

\* Alluding to the inscription over Hell gates, *Inferno*, C. iii.  
 v. 9.

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate—”

Her scourge \* Alecto whirls on high,  
 And o'er the portal frowns sublime;  
 Fierce fury sparkling in her eye,  
 Her hand erect to punish crime!

Haste, O haste, direct my flight  
 From these distressful scenes of woe;  
 These realms of torment and affright,  
 Where Anguish deals his deadliest blow!

\* Few descriptions can be more sublime, than that of the dreadful Guards which beset the Gate of Hell, and of their horrible form suddenly arresting Dante's attention;—*Inferno*, C. ix. V. 35.

Perocchè l'occhio m'avea tutto tratto  
 Ver l'alta torre alla cima rovente,  
 Ove in un punto vidi dritte ratto  
 Tre Furie infernal di sangue tinte—&c.  
 ..... th' unfinished word  
 Broke off, succeeded by a sight abhorr'd.  
 Hovering on high, amid the folding fires,  
 Three female Forms, with recent blood embrued,  
 On the tall Battlements in Council stood!

Boyd.

Lead to those soft elysian vales,  
Where Joy reigns fearless of decay,  
Where Pain his victim ne'er assails,  
Nor dares his withering scowl display !

## HANDEL.



Qualunque melodia più dolce suona  
 Qua giù, e più a sè l'anima tira,  
 Parebbe nube che squarciata tuona,  
 Comparata al sonar di quella lira.

*Dante, Il Paradiso, C. xxiii. v. 97.*



WHILE, as the Organ's deep-toned numbers roll,  
 Majestic HANDEL breathes his mighty soul;  
 And through the air those solemn strains ascend,  
 To which e'en Angels might well pleased attend;  
 Whence eager thus, (entranced with new delight,)  
 Far from the groveling Earth to steer our flight;

Whence strains each nerve, whence heaves the labouring  
breast,

With struggling thoughts and feelings nigh opprest?

Is it, that Contemplation soars away

To happier regions, climes of endless day;

Where, from blest Saints, with radiant glory crowned,

The \* thousand times ten thousand lyres resound?

O from those heights sublime with what disdain

Turns the dejected Soul to Earth again!

\* Dante gives the following descriptions of the Harmony heard in Heaven, in his Poem of *Il Paradiso*, in which, among much that is uninteresting in itself, and unsuited to Poetry, there frequently occur passages of inconceivable Sublimity;—

Al Padre, al Figlio, allo Spirito Santo,  
Cominciò gloria tutto 'l Paradiso,  
Sì ehe m' inebbriava il dolce canto.

Canto xxvii. v. i.

—come giga ed arpa, in tempra tesa,  
Di molte corde fan dolce tintinno  
A tal da cui la nota non è intesa;  
Così da' lumi che lì m'apparinno  
S' accogliea per la Croce una melòde  
Che mi rapiva senza intender l' inno.

Canto xiv. l. 118.

Compelled to meet once more the tasteless throng,  
By life's resistless torrent forced along!

O blissful HOUR, when us no earthly band  
Shall stay, sad Exiles, from our promised Land;  
Where strains shall sound, unknown to mortal ear,  
Which HANDEL shall himself with wonder hear!  
Shall yield the prize, and meekly tune his lyre,  
The humblest Seraph mid that Heavenly Choir!

THE END.

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